

## SONET

**F** ra banc to banc fra vood to vood **F** rin  
 Ovrhailit with my feble fantasie  
 Lyc til a leif yat fallis from a trie  
 Or til a reid our blawin with ye wind.  
**T** va gods gyds me <sup>ye</sup> ane of yam is blind,  
 Ze and a bairn brocht up in vanitie,  
 The nixt a vyf inger <sup>ye</sup> of ye se,  
 And lichter nor a darphin with hir fin.  
**U** nhappie is ye man for euir mair  
 That teils ye sand and savis in ye aire,  
 Bot ruyse unhappier is he **F** lairn  
**T** ha se is in his hait a mad desyre  
 And follous ou a woman yrou ye fyre  
 Led be a blind and teichit be a bairn

M. ALEX: BOYDE.